

The Pequots, Narragansetts, Niantics and Mohegans who Ruled this territory Prior to 1659—The Alliance of the Whites with the Mohegans and the Purchase of the Nine-Mile Square which was Called Norwich.

Wherever in the history of the world we find civilized races in contact with those semi-civilized or uncivilized, the more highly developed peoples have gradually taken the place of the less highly developed peoples. Savage and semi-civilized races have always quarreled with each other upon slight pretexts, and their alliances and treaties of peace have always lasted but a brief time. It may be stated as a general law of the progress of civilization that the more highly developed races and peoples have gradually taken the place of those less fitted to survive.

When the English first came to Connecticut they found various Indian tribes, more or less connected with each other, who had been and continued to be quarreling on slight pretexts. To understand the history of the settlement of Norwich we need to bear in mind the relationship of four Indian tribes: 1. the Pequots, living on the shores of Long Island Sound, including the territory now occupied by New London, Groton and Stonington; 2. the great rivals of the Pequots, the Narragansetts, living on the east of the Pequot territory in what is now the state of Rhode Island; 3. the Niantics, allied by race to the Narragansetts and living to the west of the Pequot territory now occupied by Lyme and Saybrook; 4. the Mohegans, living to the north and east of the Narragansetts in the area where Norwich now lies.

The Mohegans, from which this territory was purchased, were originally a part of the Pequot tribe, and were of the same stock with the Mohegans of the Hudson river. They were a part of the same stock with the Mohegans of the Hudson river. They were a part of the same stock with the Mohegans of the Hudson river.

Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans, had married in 1626 the daughter of Sassacus, the Pequot sachem, thus allying himself with the Pequot tribe. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his tribe a powerful one.

During the Indian wars in this vicinity the Indians had destroyed each other, and the place was made ready for the white man's coming. The deed conveying the land upon which was made the settlement of Norwich was signed by "Onkon, Owaneco, Attawanhood, Sachems of Mohegan," on June 6, 1669. A copy of it reads as follows:

Dead of Norwich.—Know all men that Onkon, Owaneco, Attawanhood, Sachems of Mohegan, have sold and passed over, and do by these presents sell and pass over unto the Towne and Inhabitants of Norwich, nine miles square of land lying and being at Mohegan and the parts thereunto adjoining, with all ponds, rivers, woods, quarries, mines, as well as royalties, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, to them the said inhabitants of Norwich, their heirs and successors forever—the said lands are to be bounded as followeth, (viz.) to the southward on the west side of the Great River, to the line and begin at the brook falling into the head of Trading Cove, and so to run west nor west by north seven miles, thence the line to run nor north east nine miles, and on the East side the aforesaid river to the southward the line is to be to the town of New London, in bounds as it is now laid out and set to run east two miles from the forced river, and so from thence the line to run nor east nine miles to meet with the western line.—In consideration whereof the said Onkon, Owaneco and Attawanhood do acknowledge, receive and accept of the full and just sum of seventy pounds and do promise to pay the same unto the said purchasers, their heirs and successors, to warrant the said bargain and sale to the aforesaid parties, their heirs and successors, to defend all claims and molestations from any whatsoever—in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this 6th of June, Anno 1669.

With the coming of the English the Mohegans were at an end, and after 1629 there seem to have been no general attacks upon the Mohegans, although hostile skulking parties some times passed through the settlement. The Rev. Mr. Pitch, the pastor of the church in Norwich, took a deep interest in the Indians, mastered their language and preached to them. Among the prominent families of the Mohegans he found willing listeners, and rejoiced over them as over "lost children that had been found." But with the advent of Christianity the Mohegans were never popular, although Uncas gave his promise to attend upon the preaching of Mr. Pitch, "at all such seasons as he shall appoint," and to encourage his people in all possible ways to follow the teaching of Mr. Pitch.

The Mohegan Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Last Mohegan Indians, was formed in 1823. Twenty-one subscribers are directors for life.

Every subscriber is a member, and if to the amount of one dollar or more, is a member for life.

The money is to be expended in building a small Church or Chapel, upon or near the ruins of the old Indian fort, at Shantok Point, called Fort Uncas, in Mohegan.

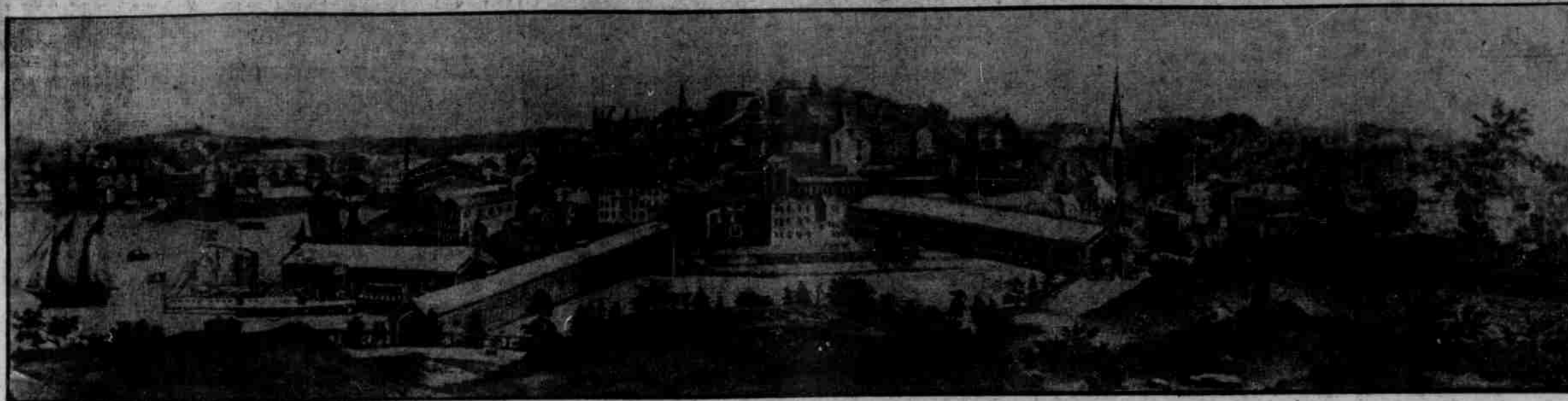
Amount of money wanted, \$500. About \$200 already subscribed. The tract of land owned by this tribe contains about 2,500 acres of fine land, between Norwich and New London. The number of Indians who occupy or draw rent from the lands, about 80; besides some absent in parts unknown.

Meeting house built April, 1831. Auxiliary Society for improving the condition of the Mohegan Indians, formed 1831.

Joseph Williams, President. Charles Hyde, Secretary. Edward Whiting, Treasurer. John A. Rockwell, William C. Gilman, Charles Colt, Directors.

A school is supported by the Society at Mohegan.

In 1790 a reservation was made by the state to the Mohegans, and distributed among the several families, later reverting to the tribe in common. This land is still occupied by their descendants, although there are few if any of pure Mohegan blood remaining. One great difficulty with Indian reservations was that as under the laws of the state, outlaw and criminals could get into them and be protected by the Indians. So it has been found wiser to divide the Indian lands and let the Indians sell them, rather than to keep these tracts belonging solely to the Indians.



The City of Norwich as It Appeared in 1860 from Laurel Hill

LINES ON THE 250th ANNIVERSARY

of the Founding of Norwich, Conn.

BY ANDREW J. HETRICK

The pines of the Sierras flame in light,
And stand in their majestic forms of might;
As giant knights that know not toil or care,
They lift their heads up in the mountain air,
And nod their plumes, and seem, in glad review,
To say—"From tiny sprouts we grew."
O Norwich, fair Rose of New England, so
Thou didst grow, five times fifty years ago;
And on this, thy anniversary day,
We cheer thee, with a salvo, on thy way!

How pleasant 'tis to see a village start!
The houses are, at first, no works of art,
And varied are the shapes which they display,
Their colors, too, are dull, or bright and gay.
But stately mansions, by and by appear,
Not planted in gloom, but to the sunshiny near;
And all about them pleasing lawns are seen,
With trees deciduous and evergreen.
Adorned, and sweetest flowers and greenest grass
Which all delight, the young and old who pass.
Across the greenward children skip and run,
And fill the air with sounds of merry fun,
And come around their hearths with gladsome looks
At night, to read the tales of fairy books,
Or hear their mother's voice in childhood rhymes,
Or hear the songs of olden times.

'Twas so, methinks, old Norwich did arise;
Or, if not so, then somewhat otherwise—
Arise in vales and on high, sloping hills,
About which now are many busy mills.
And from which one may with delight look down
And see the splendour of this famous town!
The beautiful groves, avenues and streets
Affording pleasing shade and soft retreats;
The spreading trees and Chelsea parade,
So often used for play and promenade;
The new Mohegan and the other parks,
The stately homes and places Nature marks
As grand beyond the power of tongue to tell;
The halls, the churches and Love Lane or dell;
The rivers with the old familiar names—
Shetucket, Yantic, Quinebaug and Thames,
Whose waters run through meadows and upland,
Until they reach the Sound, so near at hand.
All these, one may with benefit survey,
And regions, also, that are far away.

So, now with wistful eyes and hearts we come
To Norwich, our dear old New England home,
From places far remote and near around,
To view, once more, and bless this hallowed ground—
This hallowed ground that oft has brought to birth
The thoughts that sacred were in minds of worth.
Such thoughts would, now, in all, be awakened here,
If they could read the annals of each year
That's intervened, since the brave founders came,
And here revived a well-known English name.

Here are the holdings the first settlers bought,
Here Miantonomo and Uncas fought;
Here Mason, Pitch and others laid out land,
And strongly took for truth and right their stand;
And here the pioneers, most sturdy men,
Whom few can now describe with tongue or pen,
Did build, no doubt, much better than they knew,
From which what grand results are now in view!

From small beginnings, here the fathers rose,
Employed their talents in the spheres they chose,
And with their helpmates, found it good to live,
Nor sought the freedom which divorces give.
The merchants here gave rich and poor their due,
Regarded men much more than what they do;
And manufacturers held products less
Than their producers, in all kinds of stress;
And politicians ran no vulgar race,
And purchased not, with gold, a longed-for place,
Or sought, by other dark intrigue, to gain
Success in any sharply fought campaign;
But honorably strove to give to high and low
Favorable, honest should alone bestow.
None strove to gather where they had not sowed,
Or looked for wealth where they'd no work bestowed;
And all, one day in seven, ceased from toil,
And suffered naught from this of loss or toil.
They rested, like the Pilgrims, on that day,
And worshiped God, in their adoring way.
The Ten Commandments had a meaning then,
Which was respected by even thoughtless men;
And 'twas not sought to render void their claims,
By lowering the bars to sinful gains.

This women here were held in high esteem,
But not as Grecian slaves who did not gleam,
Or girls in Chesterfield's indulgent care,
When dress, with little culture, was the rage;
And were industrious in female ways,
And worthy of unenvied words of praise.
As best can never be divorced from fire,
Religion did in them good taste inspire,
Refinement and that noble Christian thought
And action which naught else has ever brought.
They made their humble homes restful abodes
In which their loved ones spent delightful hours.
The clergy labored here, from year to year,
And whether with looks pleasant or austere,
Proclaimed the truth, reproved, rebuked and prayed,
Adversity's severity allayed,
And comfort brought to the bereaved and wo-betide,
Nor walked themselves the way of life aside,
And here, reverently let it be said,
Reposing are the living called the dead;
In Yantic cemetery and the rest,
Their ashes lie fulfilling the behest:
The bodies of the just and the unjust
Alike must turn to what they were, the dust;
Their souls must go to their Creator God,
And not stay with their partners 'neath the sod.
We greet them now as though they are near by,
And grasp our hands with those that lifeless lie;
Rest be to them and to them joy and peace
And happiness that cannot have success!

Today, we view, with pride, the work they've done
And all results attained, and glories won.
From Meeting-house rocks and stately towers,
The beauties of the stream, the grove and lea,
The trees, the church, the houses new and old,
Which form a landscape lovely to behold—
A panorama of encircling land,
Such as few noted regions can command
We're proud of the environs of this place,
The incubus of a good race.

A race that's benefited and adorned
Its generation, and its meadows scored,
And give to it these hearts and hands of ours,
And crown it with our praises as with flowers.

But what of things that have been cradled here,
And institutions so renowned and dear?
What can I say of them that's not been said
And better said by some, alive or dead?
They surely need no words of praise from me,
As they're themselves their land or eulogy.
The City's homes—how beautiful they stand,
Amid adornments glorious and grand!
What elms and maples in their yards around!
What lovely shrubs and flowers in them abound!
In them accomplishments are taught and nursed,
And everywhere the thought of them is first.
There woman's voice is heard in grateful song
As o'er some page it sweetly moves along.
There gladsome looks of household love, by night
Met round their hearths in incandescent light;
And some, we know, are ruled by Holy Writ,
From the beginning to the end of it.

The houses, too, in which the schools are taught—
How well they're built, and answer modern thought!
Both those for public and for higher schools
Conform to civil architecture rules.
How fine, for instance, Broad street house appears,
And others raised or built in long-gone years!
What largeness in the Free Academy
Whose praises can't be troiled enough by me!
How bold is Slater Memorial hall—
In massive grandeur, it surpasses all!
What multitude have filled their rooms and halls!
What voices have resounded from their walls!
Here many lighted were with learning's flame,
And then went forth and won enduring fame;
And many now learn their first lessons here,
And fitted are for work, from year to year.

The churches, temples of Almighty God
Which have been built where oft the fathers trod—
How humble some, how stately others are!
How interesting all, seen near or far!
What sweet, delightful music at these times,
Falls on attentive ears from beffy chimes,
Invites to worship all both small and great,
While still their hearts are strong and palpitant!
Call each a meeting-house, or other name,
It is a hallowed building, all the same.
The Perfect Father there His name records,
And gives His sons and daughters helpful words.
What worshippers in them their voices raise,
And vocal make the air with songs of praise!
What doctrines from their pulpits are discoursed!
What useful precepts and great truths enforced!

And the Y. M. C. A. that aids our youth
To turn away from vanities to truth;
That to its gorgeous home invites the young
To many sports that make them hale and strong,
So they feel like one who, "secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud,"
And libraries, Peck and Otis and those
That are not named, but every patron knows,
Whose many books are mentors of the mind,
Afford companionship of every kind.
"Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead."
And hospitals, Backus and Brewster's Neck,
The Sheltering Arms, an older one, Ireck—
All stars in Norwich galaxy of homes
To which the sick or injured come that comes
Is treated with restoratives designed
For health and strength of body and of mind.
And others still, Johnson and Huntington,
Thus christened, "long ago and later on."
Besides good missions and societies,
Fraternal orders in varieties,
All these devoted are to the relief
Of poverty, misfortune and grief,
And show, by works that are not advertised,
How mortals may be helped and humanized.

And those who smother and "put out the light,"
Who're clothed in regimental trim and bright,
And are as prompt to answer fire alarms
As patriotic soldiers, the calls to arms,
And jeopardize themselves to rescue life
And property, in hard, exhausting strife,
And those who in embattled ranks did stand,
And bravely, fight to save this favored land—
The veterans of a gigantic war
Who bared themselves to shots, from near and far,
And also those not of the rank and file,
Who yet are marks for balls from creatures vile,
The uniformed protectors of the peace,
Denominated rightly the police,
Who, night and day, exposed to cold and heat,
Walk to and fro, each in his well-worn beat,
And advocates of justice, one and all,
Who sit in judgment in the City Hall
Where they are wont to hear most urgent prayers,
In efforts to adjust mixed-up affairs;
Who do not nod and wink at common crimes,
And punish friendless innocence, at times,
But hold the scales of right in equipoise,
And do their work without applause or noise,
Besides, the press, the mighty instrument
On progress, liberty and peace intent—
The Evening Record, Morning Bulletin
And others that to them are near akin,
Good, able journals that, without dismay,
Make known the wonders of each passing day,
Uphold the right and what is wrong oppose,
And mysteries unravel and disclose,
And edit well the news that others find,
And with it edify and bless mankind.
We greet you all, though we're but as a blast
That's heard, and is, forthwith, forever past!

And ladies of this town, we greet you, too!
For its advances much is due to you,
The high esteem of woman is the test
Of progress, everywhere, supreme and best.
Without her love, without her grace and aid,
Man would soon become a renegade.
As "Workers" long "United," you have won
The Master's plaudit—"Well and nobly done!"
As "Daughters" doing Christian work, you've gained
Repute for good well earned and well sustained.
As women who endeavor to up-pen
Intoxicants from the abuse of men,
And save men from the dread and dire effects,
By those enactments loyal man respects—
May victory perch on your banners soon
And bring to drinkers strength, a joyful boon!
"But times have changed, and other duties have come."
Still woman's proper sphere is "Home, sweet home."
"Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light."
True modesty is woman's finest trait,
And that is what this tale does indicate.

The Grecian artist, Zeuxis, when he made
A certain picture for a temple, prayed:
His hand, till he some pretty girls could see.
He chose five models, fair as fair can be.
But one of these would not remove her veil,
As from their charms he painted, in detail,
His Helen, and when this was put in place,
And connoisseurs looked at it, face to face,
It was received with rapturous delight;
But though it was most pleasing to the sight,
Zeuxis himself found fault with it, he said,
Because it lacked the blush of the veiled maid.
So lovely ladies, you must not forget
You're loveliest, when like the veiled.

And Norwich gentlemen, you now we greet,
You now, as former friends, we're glad to meet.
You have been faithful over many things,
And yours will be the joy such service brings.
We praise you for your great achievements here,
And hope you'll never have good cause to fear
Effects injurious to life and health,
Of greed, or maddening pursuit of wealth.
The craze for wealth, or eager love of gain
But aims for vanity, and ends in pain.
Perchance, you've heard the wonderful, old tale
Of Atlantis, who was a girl hale
And beautiful, and withal fleet and strong,
And sought in marriage, frequently and long.
She told each woe that he might aspire
To gain, by racing with her, his desire.
If he should run and lose, she'd take his life,
But if he won, she would become his wife.
To run with her, exposed to such a fate,
Might make the boldest even, hesitate.
Still, many ran, and sank with loss of breath,
And then, with dart, she pierced them to their death.
At length, lured by her charms, Hippomenes,
With golden apples from the gods, came on.
Took his stand beside her, and then began
The struggle, but as o'er the track they ran,
He saw 'twas an unequal one to them,
And he must try to win by stratagem.
So, as he found his vigor failing fast,
And he would soon be hopelessly surpassed,
He threw aside an apple, first but one,
Amazed, she ran for it, while he ran on.
This was again repeated, and again,
Until he beat this vanquisher of men.
So, if we, lured by gold, the straight way shun,
We'll lose the race we ought, on earth, to run.

The horologe of Norwich strikes this time,
With a melodious and gladsome chime.
And prithes, what does it prognosticate
Shall be, in other years, this City's state?
It now enjoys the best the ancients had,
And has, it may be, less of what is bad.
Nay, it enjoys more that is great and grand,
The usufructs of peace, on sea and land.
It's beautiful now, prosperous and free,
But what, at last, will be its destiny?
All none of us will then be here to see,
Unless we are so, imperceptibly.
Today, it wears a garland on its brow,
But will it wear one, fifty years from now?
It scores today, to accomplish to bow,
But will it do so, fifty years from now?
It sails on now with vigor at the prow,
But will it do so, fifty years from now?
I cannot tell, but surely there will be
Then the three-hundredth anniversary
And, meanwhile, if it truly serves its Lord,
And venerates and keeps His Holy Word,
It will enlarge its boundaries, and be
More beautiful and prosperous and free;
And will, in five times fifty years from this,
Be multiplied, oft times, in size and bliss.
The Bible is that has the greatest weight
In making states and cities strong and great.
In commendation of it, let me tell
This story, and then bid you all farewell!

In fair Geneva by the lake is seen
A picture on which travelers have been
Accustomed earnestly to look and look,
Even as one looks into a curious book.
The ample canvas shows a pair of scales,
Contrived for daily use in storehouse sales,
One balance holds great things of heavy weight,
Or what is thought are such, at any rate;
The other holds a Bible, black and small,
Which slowly pulls them up and outweighs all.
Though Satan firmly holds the former's chain,
And at it tugs, with all his might and main,
So may the Bible weigh, in all this town,
And as an open book, be handed down.
Until the angel stands on earth and sea,
And swears, by Heav'n, time shall no longer be!

THE ROSE OF NEW ENGLAND

(The Poetical Name for Norwich)

BY ANSON G. CHESTER

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

The Rose of New England, how matchlessly fair!
None other its beauty and fragrance may share;
It is peerless and priceless, its sweetest and best,
A Rose among roses, the queen of the rest.

The Rose of New England, its fragrance how sweet!
Here all the rare odors commingle and meet;
Not alone in the sun the perfume abides,
It surcharges the soul and the spirit besides.

When our Rose burst to being it blossomed to last—
Its future we read in the light of the past;
There is life in its roots, in its petals increase,
And the life shall endure, and the growth shall not cease.

Most blossoms are worn, for display, on the breast—
Our Rose, in its mission, is true to the best;
It is made of our lives, of our beings, a part,
It adorns soul and spirit, is worn on the heart.

Wherever the sons of old Norwich reside,
Wherever the daughters of Norwich abide,
It shall live in the spirit, shall dwell in the heart,
And from soul, sense and memory never depart.

God foster our Rose all the centuries through,
Give it rain, give it sunshine and shadows and dew;
O Rose of New England, continue to bloom
On my heart, in my soul, and at last, at my tomb!

Buffalo, N. Y.